

Molly's Molass-tastic Mobile Gaming Experience!

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Molly's Molass-tastic Mobile Gaming Experience!

by [Salliecylic](#)

Summary

Basically just a very amateur tgtf story in which Molly has a great time playing the new and definitely real Candy Crush game which just came out, and definitely doesn't slowly lose herself to a mobile game character or anything. Product may include molasses, slime girl stuff, and poor descriptions of what is happening.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Molly had had a very shit week, but as always she found solace in something even worse, mobile games. She currently sat upside down on her couch, allowing the blood to rush to her head as she stared blankly at some random match-3 game. It had stopped doing what it was supposed to - keep her mind off of getting fired - and instead had kindly stopped its colorful animations, a low battery warning freezing the screen until she clicked off of it.

This was maybe the worst thing to happen to her, she thought, as she swore at no one in her empty three-room apartment. That was the other worst thing that had happened to her, her former roommate had gotten a job offer somewhere else, something great, although Molly didn't know what, and had had limited time to leave. As an apology, she had left Molly with half of the rent money for the next month, and with Molly's savings that was her saving grace. She had been looking into new jobs and new roommates throughout the day, although she hadn't been having much luck. Whatever, she had a safety net that lasted about three more weeks if she was lucky, although it did mean once again taking money out of her hormone fund, not like she could ever manage to get ahold of them.

She put her phone on its charger and decided to try for some sleep. She wasn't sure what time it was but if she couldn't take solace in her dogshit games then what else was there to do? She tossed and turned for a while but eventually fell into a slumber which was more dream than she was used to.

Molly opened her eyes to a land of candy, with the sounds of a ticking clock and a train horn in the distance. She immediately closed her eyes, waited, and reopened them, finding the same sight. She next decided to pinch herself, however she found herself instead moving towards the sounds. An incredibly tall man in what she thought was a weird peppermint-red suit approached, his smile a little wide for her comfort. He tipped his tiny hat she hadn't yet noticed was upon his head and gave a puppet-like bow, though Tiffany could not discern a method by which he was controlled. "Hello Mols, it is nice to meet you. I hope that you have the time to help us in our newest adventure, I know I at least would appreciate some new syrups for the candy store." "Wha?" replied Molly, who felt like she was being talked through, rather than at. "Ah, I shall give you some more time, then, perhaps check the app store," with that the man winked and Molly awoke.

The first thing she did was forget most of what had just been conveyed to her. It was perhaps a very strange and vivid dream, but she wasn't fully a stranger to such things. She checked the nearby bedside clock, and upon seeing that it was not in fact an important time, decided that one, two, or five hours more of sleep would be appreciated. She did not dream further.

Once she eventually left the warm embrace of her bed to the cruelty of everything else in her life, she settled for sitting on the couch with her phone, as the cruelty set upon her by the couch was minimal compared to that of the dastardly chair. She elected for a new shitty mobile game, the other one's mechanics were growing stale. Her strange dream had reminded her of Candy Crush's existence, and she decided to look it up. She was immediately surprised to find a new game that she had not known of before, by King, called Candy Crush Syrup Saga. Without really checking anything out further, she installed it and opened it up.

After the loading screen she was met by a pretty standard tutorial, the game showed her how to make a match of 3, how to make a “sweet sweet syrup fish” and a “too-full syrup bottle,” how to harness the powers of two “all-syrups,” and so on. The handy guide leading her through this tutorial felt familiar for some reason, as he asked the player character, who strangely enough didn’t have an avatar or even a name, breaking the convention of the previous games, to get various rare syrups along the train lines of the Candy Kingdom. Suddenly she had access to something she wasn’t expecting: a choice. There were 8 “rail lines” which led to different syrups, and apparently they functioned like level packs, since they were different in some way or other. She picked the maple rail line first, and began to do some quest to get a weird bubblegum guy his gumballs back so that he would move out of the way of the train.

She re-entered the world of the living about three hours later, when she saw the “rail line complete!” pop up on her screen, though she had absolutely no recollection of what had happened. She stretched, her joints feeling strange, as she yawned, the saliva in her mouth strangely viscous and sticky. No matter, she still had more time in the day, and the other railways called to her.

The vanilla syrup rail line appeared to focus on some yeti guy, but she didn’t get much further before yet again losing track of time and existence. The “rail line complete!” once again snapped her out of her strange state, and she decided to take a break for a moment, putting her phone into her pocket and getting a drink of water. She felt shorter, and maybe it was just her eyes but her skin felt less tangible than it should. The water was nice though. She went to the bathroom, and decided to play a few levels for a moment.

Spending three hours questing after the chocolate syrup while sitting on maybe the least comfortable seat in her home had not been the best idea. She didn’t even notice she had been doing it, but the stress of everything was getting to her, and hey, there were worse ways to cope. Looking in the mirror for a moment as she left the bathroom, she felt that something was deeply wrong. For one, her whole vantage point was perhaps two feet lower than some part of her brain remembered, but also her hair had changed colors, or at least she thought it had? She could’ve sworn it had been a blondish before, but she could not summon any good memories of this being true, nor could she disprove that her hair hadn’t always been a dark brown. In fact, she was pretty sure hair didn’t leave a sticky residue on her fingers either, but perhaps she was not taking very good care of herself. Her hair was longer than she remembered, so that was a plus. She had been having troubles growing it out. No matter, she could just eat some food and maybe play some more and it’d all be okay. She simply knew that.

One tex-mex cheese, bean, and chicken quesadilla (home-made! She was good for something) and four hours later, she learned that she had apparently just acquired the caramel syrup. She didn’t even remember opening the app, but looking at the time, it was time for sleep anyways. As she sat in her bed she realized that she was making the sheets completely damp, but she didn’t remember taking a shower. It was surprisingly comfortable and she couldn’t see well enough in the dark room to really understand what was going on. She decided to sleep.

A blast of blue light woke her as another “rail line complete!” popped up. She had no

memory of waking up at 2 in the morning to play a mobile game for three hours, but here she was. She stretched, her body moving sluggishly. The morning light peaking through her blinds was trying to convince her that her skin was melting, looking like someone had crushed and melted sugar, leaving behind a brown, sweet goop. The inside of her mouth tasted not of the normal weird morning feeling, but of sugar. She coughed up some of the more viscous spit that had pooled in her throat, and decided that she could stop worrying about whatever was happening to her if she simply played more.

Rail line number 6 fell easily enough. At least, she assumed it did. She was too busy starting the next rail line, strawberry this time, to really consider it. Her phone wasn't responding as well to her fingers as it normally did, and the screen was coated in this see-through brown goop. It was seeping into the phone itself, and Molly would be concerned, but the music and sounds of matches being made soothed her, even though she wasn't even moving her fingers anymore, the sticky-sweet substance on her phone was making whatever matches she willed. She was faintly aware that her body felt much less together, as if she was losing her corporeal form, but the power of a board-wipe shook that thought from her mind.

Soon there was only a final rail line left. She considered getting up to drink some water, something to lower her viscosity would be nice, but most of her matter was busy seeping into her phone's charging port, and moving around seemed like a lot of work. The molasses syrup storyline was weird in comparison to the others, which had revolved around completing some task for another character. The player character was the one who needed to complete a task, which made sense, because this was Molasses Marsh, where she was from. She wanted to gather party supplies and guests to attend a party for her sister, and as such was sidetracked on getting the molasses syrup. That was fine enough on its own, but there hadn't been a set player character before this. It would have been easy to notice her, as she was made of molasses, like a confectionary slime. She was young, and her brown and speckled pseudo-teeth always formed a smile. Her name was Mols. That reminded the girl behind the screen that she couldn't remember her name before this, it had been similar to Mols, but what possible name was similar to Mols? She decided that Mols was good enough for herself, as well.

With the last guest invited to Mols' sister's party, Mols was free to collect the molasses syrup, handily stored in her house. She rode the train line back, having vague but intangible memories of some text popping up. That was silly, though, how could text pop up in the sky? That wasn't how things worked here in Candy Kingdom. She examined herself while she waited to reach the capital, her deep brown substance was looking fairly healthy, the sugar content about right. Her hair was doing very nice, as it dripped slowly onto the covering she had brought with her to set upon the train seat. She let her form slip for a while, relaxing upon the baking sheet padded chair, and decided on a nap in the most comfortable position - puddle.

Mols arrived back to the main hub of the Candy Kingdom. The tall man, Mr. Toffee welcomed her, and she walked with him to his candy shop. After a little work, the syrup was all together, and Mr. Toffee even helped her set-up for the party! Weirdly enough, the decorations were not in her sister's name, but hers, which seemed right somehow, but wasn't how she remembered it. Regardless, she was glad to have such a nice welcoming party to the Candy Kingdom! Everyone seemed so happy to have someone new, and there was talk of

many more along the way, according to some who had heard from the King. A new era was taking place in Candy Kingdom, and Mols was happy to be the herald for it!



End Notes

I should clarify I am not sponsored or payed by King, nor do I particularly like them or even Candy Crush, I just thought the idea was fun and making a banner ad for it was suggested to me by a friend.

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